UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

Dante After Six Hundred Years

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Finding God in Nature

By J. T. SUNDERLAND

Zola

By GEORGE WILLIS COOKE

The Sacco-Vanzetti Verdict and Americans-to-Be

By EUGENE LYONS

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EDITORS
JOHN HAYNES HOLMES
FRANCIS NEILSON

ASSISTANT EDITOR
EDITH LLOYD JONES

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EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS
Charles E. Beals
Harry Foster Burns
Charles W. Casson
George Willis Cooke
Percy M. Dawson
Frank C. Doan
Charles F. Dole
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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXXVIII. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1921 NUMBER 2

STORM WIND.

(To J. W. F.)

Over a sanguine bud-break, newly come
On thickening finials, in hope to find
Its vernal home, there raves a cruel wind.

Many the jewelled spike of ash and oak,
That welcomed joy of life with infant trust,
Lies torn and broke in the hail-beaten dust.

Their patient winter toil within the shard;
The predetermined loveliness, the thought—
You think it hard that all should be unwrought?

Blind in his might and in his measure blind,
Running where never writ of reason weighs,
The Spring-mad wind no human law obeys.

But what are we of reason's rule to prate,
Whose budded dreams go strangled by the breath
Of greed and hate, blasting our souls to death?

And what are we to mourn the leaves with ruth,
Who trample honor, justice in the mud,
Kneel to untruth and waste our brothers' blood?

EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

We know of nothing more pitiful, though admirable, than the loyalty of certain groups of our citizens to the League of Nations. It is like the distracted loyalty of a mother to an imbecile or crippled child. Take the squeal of joy which went up when the Supreme Council voted some time ago to refer the knotty Silesian question to the League! It is not surprising, perhaps, that the squeal was emitted, for this was the first thing that had happened in months to indicate that the League existed at all. But might it not have been well for intelligent beings, before displaying such comical eruptions of joy, to inquire if there was really anything to be joyful about. For what significance had this action of the Supreme Council? None whatsoever, save as an illustration on an international scale of the precept, "Let George do it!" The same nations which sit on the Supreme Council, sit on the League Council as well, and thus will face again in the latter body the problem which they passed on from the former. Indeed, the very same men who thus referred Silesia to the League, will consider it afresh in this latter place—Tweedledum thus turning to Tweedledee for help! The only difference between the two bodies is that in the League other nations are sitting with the great powers; and that in this body, as *not* in the Supreme Council, *no action can be taken save by unanimous vote!* This lifts the curtain on the drama. France, unable to accomplish her infamous purposes with Silesia in the Supreme Council, succeeds, through some bargaining not yet revealed, in getting the problem referred to the League where she holds *an absolute veto on every proposal.* Nothing could be better for her purposes, as nothing could be more effective in displaying the utter futility of the whole performance. Meanwhile, if we would know just what the League amounts to, behold it standing with folded hands, or lying as one stricken with magic slumber, while the war between Greece and Turkey goes merrily on! We had supposed that the League was established primarily with the idea of stopping wars. Now here, in this hideous and inexcusable conflict in southeast Europe, is a chance to *do* something. But nothing is done, and done magnificently! Imagine, if action is impossible in this case, what the League would amount to as a force for peace, if a first-class quarrel should break out between England and France, or between the United States and Japan! We respectfully beg to suggest to our well-meaning friends that they drop their silly toy, and give themselves to what is now the main business of the hour—namely undoing the evils, and making good the failures, of Versailles!

It is inspiring to read the call sent out by Mrs. Raymond Robins, President of the National Women's Trade Union League, for a world-wide demonstration for disarmament by the women of all nations on Armistice Day. "This is the great hour," it is declared, "for women of the world to help lead humanity out of the darkness that (has) overwhelmed it." Mrs. Robins and her associates plainly see that, if any good is to come out of the Disarmament Conference, it will be as the result of an aroused public opinion which refuses to be balked. Every hour seems to make more unlikely any creative functioning by the Conference itself. Premier Briand is to head the French delegation and (probably) Lloyd George the English—which means that nothing but the meanest kind of dickering at the council board can be expected from these two great powers. President Harding's appointment of Senator Lodge to sit with Secretary Hughes at the head of the American delegation, while politically inevitable, shows for that very reason that political and not idealistic principles are to control the action of this country. The promise of secret sessions is like a promise that Washington will be but a repetition of Versailles. Under conditions such as these, we may be certain that nothing or worse than nothing will be done unless the conferees find themselves confronted by a public opinion so organized, so well-informed and so ag-

gressively watchful, that they dare not disappoint it. "Organized effort," says Mrs. Robins in her call to women, "is essential to the achievement of our purpose." What the Women's Trade Union League has thus done, we hope will be also done by the women's clubs throughout the land, by trades unions everywhere, by the churches and the colleges, by public meetings of the great body of our citizenship, so that the members of the Disarmament Conference may know that it were better for them that they were cast into the midst of the sea, than that they should adjourn without delivering mankind.

This is the way we get news from Russia! Mr. A. J. Sacks, of the "Russian Information Bureau," gives to the New York newspapers a translation from *Pravda* (Soviet official newspaper) of July 13, forecasting the impending collapse of the present revolutionary government, and quoting one of the Bolsheviki leaders as saying:

> It may be that we shall go, but not without first tearing up by the roots the last remnants of the past. And those who take our places will be compelled to build on the ruins, amid the silence of the cemetery.

This announcement is printed conspicuously in the newspapers of the city, and carried broadcast, we have no doubt, in the press of the entire country. Is it true? Does it contain one vestige of fact? On the following day there appeared in the *World* a letter from Kenneth Durant, publisher of *Soviet Russia*, who declares that he has in his office copies of both the Petrograd and Moscow edition of *Pravda* for July 13. "Neither of them," he writes, "contains anything even remotely resembling the sentences quoted by Mr. Sacks." Thus the merry work of fraud and falsehood goes on. Anybody in Riga or Helsingfors or London or New York may manufacture any lie he pleases about the Soviets. It may be a lascivious tale like that of the nationalization of women, or a slly yarn like that of Lenin's proposed vacation trip to Scotland, or such a bare-faced forgery as this of alleged quotation from the Bolsheviki press. It makes no difference; anything "goes" with our newspapers. They will print any story that seems to discredit Belshevism. We again warn our readers that there is only one safe rule to follow in this matter: Believe *nothing* unfavorable to the Soviets which you read in the newspapers!

Weeks ago, on the occasion of the collapse in England of the Triple Alliance, UNITY hazarded the guess that this event signified but one thing, at bottom, and that was the settled determination of English labor to carry their cause to triumph by the methods not of direct but of Parliamentary action—to rely not upon the ability of unions to win strikes but upon the ability of the British Labor Party to win elections. Recent reports which have been reaching this country, especially of the Conference of the Labor Party at Brighton, demonstrate that our guess was correct. The laboring people of England, although organized with a thoroughness and a degree of discipline which are unknown in this country, have no intention of resorting to a general strike, and thus gaining the seats of power by revolution. They know that this policy is costly beyond all calculation, and in the end utterly subversive of all constructive purpose. On the other hand, they know that the road of indirect or political action, while long and oftentimes hard, leads finally to the desired goal. In this opinion, English labor presents an exact antithesis to the Bolsheviki of Moscow. Two methods of social change, in other words, are now being worked out before our face and eyes. The revolution of force and violence is under full headway in Russia; similarly a revolution, but this time of constitutional procedure, is moving slowly but surely forward in England. Nothing could be more wholesome than that each should be let alone, to work out its logic to the end. Those of us who are convinced pacifists have no hesitancy in prophesying that, when *finis* has been written to this revolutionary epoch, English labor will be found to have been both wise and right.

The Boston Herald celebrated some weeks ago the seventy-fifth anniversary of its founding. In connection with this event, it published a complete list of the members of its staff in all departments. The names occupied no less than four and a half columns of space on the editorial page. Here were the executive staff, the news organization men, the desk editors and city staff workers, the editorial writers, the specialists on sports, literature, the drama, social affairs, financial and commercial matters, state and city politics, the water front, the courts, women's interests, military affairs, art, automobiles, wireless, etc., etc. It would seem as though every human interest were represented in the organization of this admirable newspaper until one looks for religion, and of this there is no mention! There are two men to chase news along the wharves of Atlantic Avenue, three to handle literary topics, six to cover the theatre, seventeen to write up the sports (three for baseball, two for boxing, two for golf, one for horse, one for soccer, one for tennis, etc.), but on neither the *Herald* (morning) nor the *Traveler* (evening) is there a single man delegated to the churches. These evidently don't count! Religious interests are either not reported at all; or are handled not by specialists, as in the case of horse-racing and automobiles, but by any "cub" reporter who at any particular moment has nothing better to do. In pointing out this fact, we are not criticizing the *Herald*. We are citing it merely as an indication of the place that organized religion holds today in the panorama of human life.

The recent controversy that has been running in the columns of *The Christian Register* on the question of theism and atheism in Unitarian pulpits, is one to cheer the heart and strengthen the soul of every liberal. The discussion was precipitated by Dr. George R. Dodson, of St. Louis, a true scholar and saintly man, who contended in an article entitled "Clear Thinking or Death" (*Register,* August 11th), that the liberty of Unitarian pulpits was being used for the preaching of atheism. He contended that this denial of theism could not be tolerated, and, in evident anticipation of the approaching Conference at Detroit, called for an avowal of "our faith in God, even though the statement of that faith may remind us of a creed." This article, although perhaps not so intended, was plainly a summons to what a later critic well called "heresy-hunting." The answers to Dr. Dodson's challenge have been unanimous in opinion and sentiment. A stalwart veteran, Dr. Joseph H. Crooker, recalls to mind the traditional congregational polity of the Unitarian body, and asks what right the denomination as a whole has to dictate to the separate churches. Dr. Richard W. Boynton reads history, points to the previous occasions when Unitarians were accused of preaching atheism, and affirms that the "pragmatic and humanistic idea of God," to which Dr. Dodson objects, is no more atheism than Emerson's transcendentalism when denounced by Andrews Norton as "the latest form of infidelity." Rev. Curtis W. Reese, the Western Secretary, strikes out a superb slogan when, pleading for liberty of thought, he declares that "theism is philosophically possible, but not religiously necessary." Again and again is emphasized the truth that Unitarians are held together by spiritual idealism not by theological opinon, and that there can be no test appled to ministers save that of character. Every word spoken in reply to Dr. Dodson has been a credit to Unitarianism. We shall watch with interest the Detroit Conference; and, if the question there comes up for action, we anticipate a reaffirmation of liberty which will be worthy of the best Unitarian traditions.

Austin Dobson (dead at Ealing on September 2nd) was an old man. His death, therefore, was not unexpected; but it brings none the less a pang of sorrow to every lover of true literature. For nearly fifty years Dobson ranked high among those who, in this unpropitious age, have striven to maintain the highest traditions of English letters. His essays and reviews, and especially his contributions to Encyclopedia Britannica, Chambers Encyclopedia of English Literature, and the Dictionary of National Biography, were written with abundant scholarship and in noble style. His best and most familiar work, however, was in the field of poetry, where he began to publish as early as 1873. Never a poet of the first rank, lacking in power, passion and sustained flight, he yet wrote with a mastery of lyric form, a delicacy of insight and understanding, a charm of spirit and beauty of phrase, which make much of his verse of enduring quality. Again and again his poems bring irresistibly to mind the easy grace of the Elizabethan song-writers, or, still better, of the French troubadors. In his later years, when the vigor of Kipling, the narrative sweep and swing of Masefield, the rough epic-form of Hardy, and the manifold extravagances of free verse, were so much to the fore, there seemed much of the flavor of the antique about Dobson's work. But it is true poetry none the less! It is difficult to think of an anthology of English poetry for years to come which does not contain examples of his genius.

Dante After Six Hundred Years

This present year marks the sixth hundredth anniversary of the death of Dante Alighieri, born at Florence in 1265, probably in the month of May, died at Ravenna, after twenty years of exile from his native city, on September 14, 1321.

Other men have been remembered six hundred years, and more—but no man, either before or since Dante's time, has carried with him into immortality not only his own life but the thousand years preceding. This Italian poet is the summation, as he is the crowning glory, of the Middle Ages. He gathers together within himself every last ray of light that streaked the darkness of medievalism, and then adding to them the effulgent blaze of his own genius, poured them forth as a sun its beams, to shine forever in the empyrean of human memory. The advent of Dante is one of the most amazing events in history. For ten hundred years Europe was lost in the darkness that fell upon the world with the passing of Rome. Not a single transcendent name appears in Christendom during all of that long period. There is a welter of kings, of whom Charlemagne and Alfred the Great are something more than kings. There are a few great popes, like Gregory. There are heroes, soldiers, schoolmen, monks, saints, and mystics. But there is no man who stands out as the spirit of the times; a thousand years pass without making a single contribution to the treasure-troves of humanity. Then, at the very moment when the Middle Ages were about to disappear forever, their darkness to flee before the morning light of the Renaissance—without warning or preparation, appeared "Dante and his Book"! At last the centuries had justified themselves. Ten hundred years live in a single soul, and speak in a single poem!

Of Dante we know little.

"His biography," says Carlyle, "is irrecoverably lost for us. An unimportant, wandering, sorrow-stricken man, not much note was taken of him while he lived; and the most of that has vanished in the long space that has now intervened."

Born of a wealthy family, in the upper class of society, Dante was given the best education procurable. As a young man, his career followed the usual destinies of the time. He was twice a soldier for the Florentine state, served on an embassy, and became eventually, by virtue of talent and character, one of the chief magistrates of his city. Then, as a consequence of the bitter partisan strife between Guelf and Ghibelline, Dante and his friends found themselves suddenly banished, under penalty of burning by fire. For the remaining two decades of his life, he wandered no man knows whither. All Italian cities now claim his presence, as all Grecian cities of old time claimed Homer's birth. But then the great man was a beggar, unsheltered and unsought, proving

> . . . how salt a savor hath
> The bread of others, and how hard a path
> To climb and to descend the stranger's stairs.*

He had to comrade only his Book which, he says, "made me lean for many years." At last, the Book done, as though he cared no more to live in an unfriendly world, Dante died at Ravenna, and was there buried.

> Here am I Dante laid, shut out from my native shore.

It is amazing, in view of our ignorance of his career, how vivid a personality Dante is to us today. No man in history is better known—none would be more quickly recognized should he by some miracle return to earth. Compare him in this respect with Shakespeare, of whom we know as little! The English bard lives by his poetry, not by his personality. We can easily imagine him walking among men unnoticed. But Dante is first of all a man, and not a writer. His soul burns among us still as an unquenchable torch. There must have been a terrific "intensity" about him, as Carlyle surmises, to carry so far through all these years.

> "You remember," he says, "that first view he gets of the Hall of Dite: red pinnacle, red hot cone of iron glowing through the dim immensity of gloom—so vivid, so distinct, visible at once and forever."

This is Dante! We feel his heat, as we see his light, even at this vast distance.

The records confirm this impression of Dante's personality. One, of course, is the famous portrait, commonly attributed to Giotto. Lowell speaks of

> the haggard cheeks, the scars of life-long battle, the lips clamped together in unfaltering resolve, and the brow whose stern outline seems the trophy of final victory.

Carlyle declares this face the "most touching" he has known.

> "There is in it," he says, "as foundation of it, the softness, tenderness, gentle affection as of a child; but all this is as if congealed into sharp contradiction, into abnegation, isolation, proud hopeless pain. A soft ethereal soul looking out so stern, implacable, grim-trenchant, as from imprisonment of thick-ribbed ice."

There was no surrender in this man.

> Affection all converted into indignation . . . slow, equable, silent, like that of a god.

* "Paradiso," xvii.

It is a sound legend that the people of Ravenna, when they saw Dante passing in the streets, exclaimed,

> *Eccovi l' nom ch' è stato all' Inferno*—See, there is the man that was in Hell!

But it is the Book, the *"Divina Commedia,"* which does most to make Dante a living figure at this hour. Never was a work more compact of a man than this. It is the song of Dante's soul—its agony, loneliness, deep bitterness, and high exaltation. If we know not where Dante was wandering and what he was doing those last twenty years of exile, we know what is far more vital—what he was thinking, and dreaming, and praying. For the "Divine Comedy" is the biography of Dante's spirit—the record of his inner life when, homeless on earth, he made his home in "the Eternal World." Three things went to the making of this immortal work.

First, his learning. Dante was unquestionably one of the most highly educated men of his day. His biographers state that he studied at Bologna, Padua, Paris, Naples, and Oxford. "All are doubtful," says Lowell, "but all possible, nay, perhaps, probable." Certain it is, that he went through the *trivium* (grammar, dialectic and rhetoric) and the *quadrivium* (arithmetic, music, geometry, and astronomy) of the then university course; and to these added painting, theology and medicine.

> "The range of Dante's study and acquirement," says Lowell, "would be encyclopedic in any age, but at that time it was literally possible to master the *omne scibile*, and he seems to have accomplished it."

The "Divine Comedy" is the work of a mind which had mastered everything that the learning of the Middle Ages had to offer.

Secondly, there was Dante's love for Beatrice. The meaning of this passion of the great poet has been subject of long dispute. Undoubtedly it was in part at least an expression of that medieval chivalry, which led every knight to chose his lady and do all for her dear sake. Some authorities have seen so much of this *romanza* element in the story, that they have doubted if Beatrice ever lived; was she not rather an imaginative creation of the poet who must have his "heavenly lady," as another his earthly paramour, as the inspiration and goal of his great song? It seems fairly well attested, however, that Beatrice was a real personage, a lovely maiden, married to Simone dei Bardi, and dead in 1290 in early youth. And who can read the *"Vita Nuova"* without being persuaded that this love which transformed Dante's life, and held him in thrall throughout all his years, was an experience as real as it was sacred? Out of the depths of his passion for this beloved woman, and still more out of the depths of his bitterness first for her loss to Bardi and secondly for her greater loss in death, rose the wonder of his mighty epic. He resolved to crown Beatrice with a glory no woman had ever borne before. To this task he bent for

thirty years the profound emotion of his soul. By love, embittered and then transfigured in grief, his genius was kindled as to the splendor that flamed upon him in "the Rose" of Paradise. The result was a love-song unmatched in all the ages gone.

Lastly, there was the exile! It is difficult today to understand and sympathize with the devotion which Dante had for Florence, save as we recall that Florence was not merely his native city, but his country. All the emotion that we feel in patriotic love for America, he felt for Florence; and when he was banished from her homes and streets, he was literally a "man without a country." This was the crowning tragedy of his life—the source of his profoundest agony, his bitterness of heart, his passion of judgment, and at last his soaring visions of eternity. It is true that he could have accepted pardon and gone back—but only at a sacrifice impossible to his proud and righteous spirit. "If I cannot return without calling myself guilty," he wrote, "I will never return." This chance but deepened his woe. He was now forever cast forth—for him there was now no longer any resting-place, or hope of benefit. What wonder, says Carlyle, in true understanding of this kindred soul, that

> the Eternal World (now) impresses itself upon him; that awful reality over which, after all, this Time-world, with its Florences and banishments, only flutters as an unreal shadow. Florence thou shalt never see: but Hell and Purgatory and Heaven thou shalt surely see! What is Florence, Can della Scala, and the world and life altogether? Eternity: thither, of a truth, not elsewhither, art thou and all things bound! . . . Dante's heart, (thus) brooding in speechless thought and awe, bursts forth at length into "mystic unfathomable song"; and this his "Divine Comedy," the most remarkable of all modern books, is the result.

So much for Dante! Now what of his Book? After six hundred years, what significance has it for the world? This significance, we take it, is twofold.

In the first place, we have in the "Divine Comedy" the perfect distillation of the Middle Ages—its learning, philosophy, theology, science, personal piety, and social idealism. This poem is literally "the voice of the silent centuries." Everything that medievalism stands for, is here recorded and glorified. If everything that was said and done in Europe from the fourth to the fourteenth century, were erased from the tablets of human memory, there would be little loss, if the "Divine Comedy" remained. All that is precious and permanent is here preserved. Not more truly is Homer the deposit of an age of civilization than is Dante. It is this fact which justifies Lowell in putting Dante second only to Homer among the literary giants of all time.

> "The suffrages of highest authority," he says, "would now place him second in that company where he with proud humility took the sixth place." †

Carlyle sums it all up when he says,

> Dante is the spokesman of the Middle Ages; the thought they lived by stands here, in everlasting music.

† "Inferno," iv, 102.

But this eminence, sublime as it is, does not explain the full significance of Dante's Book. The Middle Ages, after all, are dead for most of us; and the "Divine Comedy" were dead as well, if it were only a monument of this great past. If it is still alive, as it most certainly is, is it not because of its moral power as a judgment on the race? This Hell and Purgatory and Paradise are presented here as something more than the precincts of an imaginary future world. They are as well the spiritual allegory of the life that is now upon the earth. Dante visions not the future but the present, not heaven but man's soul, as an eternal battle-ground of Good and Evil. He declares that these two facts are "the polar elements of this creation." They are separated not by any inconsequential preferability of one to the other, but by an incompatibility that is absolute and final. The one is "high and beautiful as heaven, the other as black and hideous as the pit." Hell, Purgatory, Paradise!—these are not future states, but states in which man lives today. These are "indubitable awful facts; the whole heart of man taking them for true, all Nature everywhere confirming." It is in these terms that Dante speaks judgment on the race. He proclaims a Moral Law—the awfulness of its violation, and the sweet peace that follows upon its acceptance. Does Dante mean anything today after six hundred years? Never did he mean more to any age than to this which flouts the Moral Law, because it denies it. For us today there is Inferno, from which there is no escape to Paradise, save through the pangs and humiliations of Purgatory!

Dante and his Book, therefore, look to the future quite as much as to the past. For this do they belong to that never-ending present which is Eternity. Well does Longfellow hail the poet in words of prophecy—

> O star of morning and of liberty!
> O bringer of the light, whose splendor shines
> Above the darkness of the Apennines,
> Forerunner of the day that is to be!

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

SCULPTORS OF LIFE.

Chisel in hand stood a sculptor-boy,
With his marble block before him;
And his face lit up with a smile of joy
As an angel dream passed o'er him.
He carved the dream on that shapeless stone
With many a sharp incision.
With heaven's own light the sculptor shone,—
He had caught the angel-vision.

Sculptors of life are we as we stand
With our lives uncarved before us,
Waiting the hour when at God's command
Our life dream passes o'er us.
If we carve it then on the yielding stone
With many a sharp incision,
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own,—
Our lives that angel-vision.

FLORA STEWART MCGRAW.

THE PULPIT

Finding God in Nature

A PERSONAL STORY

By J. T. Sunderland

The good fortune was mine of being permitted to spend my boyhood in the country, amid hills and valleys, fields, woods and running brooks, where there were real sunrises and sunsets, real storms, and real night skies glorious with stars; and where I learned what real springs, real summers, real autumns and real winters are,—each bringing with it a new and different nature world. There I saw and learned about, and took part in, plowing and planting, haying and harvesting and all the things that farmers do.

There I came into intimate contact with horses and cattle and sheep, and hens and geese and turkeys, and not less important, with birds and rabbits and squirrels and woodchucks. There I learned to milk and care for all the farm animals, to drive both horses and oxen, and to ride horses and colts "bareback." There I worked hard, but had time, perhaps enough time, for play, which no boy ever enjoyed more. There I learned to climb trees, and make bows and arrows, and shoot with them; and make water wheels to run such mills as I am sure made the birds and squirrels laugh; and to fish and swim and row a boat; and ride sawlogs barefooted on the big millpond. There in the fall I gathered nuts in the woods, and in the winter skated and built snow forts and fought snowball battles, and coasted with the boys and girls on moonlight nights, and went sleigh-riding accompanied with the jolly music of horses' quick feet and sleigh-bells; and went to "husking bees" where we had apples and sweet cider, and to exciting "spelling bees" at which the boy or girl or man or woman who "spelled down" the rest was the hero or heroine of the neighborhood.

I read eagerly such books as I could get hold of, which were few and generally of a serious character; mostly they were "too old" for me, being written for men and women; but after all perhaps that was not much of a drawback. Three months in the winter, and until I was ten years old three months in the summer, I went to the country "district school," a quarter of a mile away, in a "little red school house," where some of my teachers were poor enough, but where two (one young woman and one young man) took a real interest, got close to me, became my ideals and almost my idols, and in a wonderful way fired me with ambition to learn and try to make something of my life. I feel their influence yet. Every Sunday I went with my family to the nearest country church where the preaching was pretty bad, and yet where I know I got much good, because the people generally were earnest and the preacher was a good man.

This life in the country until I was fifteen planted deep in me a love of the country—of nature in all its aspects and moods—which has grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength, and has been one of my greatest sources of inspiration and joy during all the years since.

And very early nature came to have a distinctly religious influence on me. While few boys ever loved better the society of other boys, or took more delight in playing ball and "I spy," and in going fishing and swimming with others, I can hardly remember the time when I did not find real companionship in nature,—happiness in strolling in the fields and woods alone, and a strange fascination in watching sunsets and looking up to the silent stars. Nature did not seem to me dead, but everywhere wonderfully alive, and somehow to have deep meanings, and a spirit, breathing, moving, mysteriously pulsing through it all. I felt serious in its presence, and yet strangely happy. Often and often I found myself speaking softly to myself the word of God, as I walked in the woods, and hundreds and hundreds of times my thoughts took the form of thanks, worship, prayer. It seemed easier to pray there than anywhere else,—far easier than in the church. In the church I tried to pray, did pray, but I had in a sense to force myself to it; but in the woods and fields I could not help praying,—that is, I could not help feeling an "Invisible Presence," and opening my heart and mind to it.

Since my boyhood my love of nature has continued and grown. My adult life has been spent mostly in cities, but generally I have managed to have a bit of a garden, at least a small grass plot, one or more trees, some garden vegetables planted and cared for by myself, and a few choice shrubs, vines and flowers, thus keeping myself a little in touch with nature even amid wood and brick and stone houses and paved streets.

At one time I lived three years in the country, with ample grounds, great oak and elm trees, fruit trees of every kind, and a garden that was a paradise. How the memory of those years shines!

Always I have gone much to the country in the summer. For some years, when my children were at the age when it would mean most to them, I had a very simple summer cottage in the country, amid farms, and on the shore of a pretty little inland lake, where they learned about farm life, and becaume true nature-lovers.

At different times I have lived in different parts of the United States,—in New England, New York, the Middle West and California, and thus have seen much of our Atlantic and Pacific coasts and our Great Lakes.

Several times I have taken long and much enjoyed automobile excursions amid mountain and other fine scenery; and yet I have always liked tramping best. Nature never has seemed to me to give her best to those who rush and hurry.

It has been my fortune to travel abroad much,—to sail many seas and visit many countries, and thus see some of the finest natural scenery of Europe and Asia, as well as America. In my journeyings historic places have always interested me; and yet, not less has been my interest in nature—its beauties, wonders, grandeurs, its symbolisms and deeper meanings, its quickening for the mind, its soothing for the spirit, its "peace at the heart of endless agitation," its hints of worlds within worlds and worlds beyond worlds, its suggestions of the Infinite and Eternal.

In all these ways the experience has come to me which I call "Finding God in Nature." It has been a real and vital, and a very happy, experience. It seems to me that nothing in my life has been more valuable, and that the leaving out of nothing from my life would have caused me to suffer a greater loss than the omission of this would have done. Is it strange if this personal history has caused me many times over to ask the question: Do not all lives need the experience of finding God in the beauties and

mysteries, the marvels and splendors, of this wonderful world in which we all live?

The farmer spends most of his waking hours out of doors. In his planting and sowing and reaping—that divine work by which the whole world is fed—why should he not feel religious joy? All his labor is a partnership with nature, that is, with God; without such a divine partnership he can accomplish nothing. Why should he not realize the dignity and glory of it? Does he not lose much if he does not consciously find God in it all?

We who live in towns and cities are turning more and more to the country—to nature—for that freedom from anxiety and care, that rest for body and mind, and that sanity and peace, which cities and towns can only poorly give. But can men who really think find real sanity, real freedom from anxiety and care, real rest for body, mind and soul, anywhere in this world without religion and God?

He who goes to the woods and sees nothing there but trees and lichens and ferns, and hears no Eternal Voice speaking to him out of the solitude, saying, "Peace be with you! my peace I give unto you; not as the world gives give I unto you," does he get the best the woods has for a human soul?

Men and women go in thousands to the mountains. They do a little mountain climbing, some golfing, much lounging on hotel verandas, smoking, gossiping, card-playing, novel-reading and dancing. How many find their thoughts elevated by the presence of the mountains? How many invite their souls as well as their bodies to breathe the mountain air? How many take mountain walks with companions for the purpose of conversing about high things? How many, inspired by the mountains, read books that lift up life and make it great? How many go away alone into the quiet places of the mountains, as Jesus did, to pray? And yet why not all these things?

Men and women go in thousands to the seashore. But do they get the best the sea has for them if they only bathe in the surf, and wander on the sands, and dance and gossip and sleep?

The sea is for the soul, the mountains are for the soul, the woods are for the soul, nature is for the soul. All these are thin and barren unless we look down into their heart and find their deeper meanings, their symbolisms, their suggestions; unless through them and in them we see God.

Some of us who once went regularly to church and worshipped God there, now spend our Sundays automobile riding in the country, boat riding on our rivers or other waters, picnicking in our parks or woods. We say we can worship God as well out of doors as in a church. I grant we *can;* but *do we? Do we?* Is it or is it not the truth, that our absenting ourselves from churches, to go out into nature, means the weakening, the very serious weakening, of our churches everywhere, and at the same time the perhaps unconscious, but real and very serious, decline of interest in religion on our own part and on the part of our families? If this is its meaning, then it is something for thinking men and women everywhere to take very earnestly to heart. Our churches must not die or decline in influence. Our age is not loving nature too much, or going too much out into its sanctuaries. But it must learn to find God there,—to find him so really that it will come back with new zeal and joy and consecration to the church, the one institution without which God will certainly drop out of the consciousness of the nation, and out of our homes, and out of our own lives. If this comes, it will be an infinite loss.

CONTRIBUTED

Revolutionary Tendencies in Modern Literature

XI.

ZOLA.

Emile Zola, 1840-1902, was the novelist who was most largely influenced by modern scientific thought. He attempted to apply the experimental method in the writing of fiction, and to make use of physiological facts, and the laws of heredity, in the interpretation of human character and social activities. He also sought to interpret the effects of environment on individual and social developments. What is most striking in his novels is his conception of the social group, the mass action of humanity. While he by no means ignored the individual, his characters were communities, social classes, industrial groups, and any other form of collective association he found in the world about him. It is this manner of dealing with what is sometimes called the *crowd* which is most characteristic of Zola's work, and is most worthy of study. The writers on the "crowd," from Le Bon to Martin, have quite misjudged the nature of social grouping; but Zola knew it as it actually existed in the France of his time. He knew it appreciatively and he knew it intimately, from closest study, and on the basis of scientific knowledge.

The attempt of Zola to study society in its sociological aspects led him to describe what is often gross and vulgar; and he was condemned by the idealists as the leader of the naturalistic or the pornographic school of novel writers. René Doumic says of Zola that he is the acknowledged chief of the naturalistic school, its recognized representative and spokesman. Emile Faguet speaks of his pen pictures and portraits of great exactitude and fidelity. He goes on to say that it was in description that Zola was most successful.

> He saw the material world with great clearness, like almost all romantic writers. He gave in every volume he wrote the impression of enormous effort and of a vigor consciously equal to the task in hand. He had talents peculiar to himself; and he was able to convey the impression of a whole, of a town, of a limitless plain, especially of crowds—the stir, the roar, the excitement of the mob swept along by waves of emotion and carried away by sudden terror.

Marzials also says that in his ability to handle details the result is overwhelming, and that in this respect he has no superior. "Some of his descriptions of crowds in movement have never been surpassed." Anatole France, speaking at the graveside of Zola, said that his character was chiefly marked by a spirit of kindliness.

> The candor and the simplicity of great souls were his. He pictured vice with a rough and virtuous hand. His seeming pessimism, his somber humor cast over more than one of his pages, scarcely conceals his real optimism, his stubborn faith in the advance of human intelligence and knowledge. In his novels, those social studies, he pursued with vigorous hatred an idle and frivolous society, a base and baleful aristocracy; he fought against the evil of the age—the power of money. He fought against social evils wherever he met them.

Born in Paris, Zola's early life was one of poverty and struggle. With limited opportunities for an edu-

cation, he early began his career as an author. At first as a newspaper writer, then as a writer of romantic fiction, he made his way slowly and laboriously against every manner of discouragement. Gradually he accepted the idea of a scientific study of society and its interpretation in fiction. In 1871 appeared the first volume of a series of twenty novels descriptive of life under the Second Empire, that of Louis Napoleon. As is well known to all students of French history, that empire was corrupt and depraved in the highest degree. Zola conceived of a family group, with many ramifications, which enabled him to describe every characteristic of the life of that period, from its lowest to its highest phases. His studies extended from the gutter to the palace, and into every phase of the activities of men and women. Some of these novels were romantic and idealistic in the highest degree, while others seemed to some of their readers to reek with vileness and filth. Zola's purpose was to describe society with absolute truthfulness, quite as he found it to exist in Paris or elsewhere in the empire.

The laws of heredity and the influences of environment were made use of by Zola to the fullest extent in his interpretation of human society. He had regard to those industrial and economic conditions which determine the lives of all individuals and societies. He studied the effects of material conditions, the methods of the food supply of a city, the effects of drink on its life, the results brought about by a great industry, such as the mining of coal. To each of these subjects he devoted one of his novels, and he studied it in all its relations and differentiations. He not merely described the mining of coal in northern France and Belgium, but he traced out the relations of this industry to the life of the miners, the towns in which they lived, the kind of society in all its varied phases which resulted, and its effects upon the whole of the life of the nation.

In his study of such a subject Zola made the most thorough investigations, spending six months at the mines in acquiring a knowledge of every phase of the industry. Not until he had this information set out in his notes did he begin his novel. What he produced was not an industrial report in official form, but a narrative setting forth as in a living picture, a narrative of keen and glowing interest, what was the inner and vital meaning of this industry. His story was not one that described the life of the miner in romantic terms, but in its actual conditions, graphically presenting the industry as it affected the individual miner, his family, his amusements and recreations, his daily toil, the kind of society amidst which he lived, his intellectual life or the absence of it, and the manner in which the results of the miner's life bore on the world of men whom he served by his activities.

The founder of a Rougon-Macquart family was a woman of hysterical and nervous character, and this defect was inherited by one and another member of her family, some of whom were rogues and prostitutes, others of whom were of vigorous mental ability, and same to high position in the life of the time. "I wanted to depict," wrote Zola, "the fatal decay of a family of work people in the pestiferous surroundings of the city suburbs." It was not his purpose to describe the vices and the depravities and the crimes of a corrupted society; but to point out the social workings of bad government, greedy money getting, selfish politics, and the other evils developed under the empire. The effects of these evils on individuals, on industrial groups, and on society as a whole, was what Zola attempted to present in his novels. One result of this method was that he made society seem grossly depraved; and it was distinctly his purpose to criticize its corruption, its vulgarity, and its inherent baseness. Therefore, his novels in this series were depressing, and seemed to reek with rottenness and all grossness. They were savagely criticized from this point of view, as being merely destructive. They were intended to strike a blow at all the wrongs in the society of the Second Empire, and to present with no mitigation or excuse its corruptions and its unspeakable depravities of all kinds. What was characteristic of Zola, however, was that he spoke without fear or hesitation, and brought to light the hidden vulgarities and vices he found to exist on every hand. He excused or palliated nothing, but laid bare every crime and wrong.

One of the most powerful of this series of novels was that which may be called "Drink or The Dram Shop" (L'Assommoir), which depicted that form of vice in all its individual and social results. Perhaps the most tragical and effective was "The Downfall" (Le Débâcle), in which the story was told of the invasion of the Germans, the collapse of the empire, and the results which followed, not only in the conquest of Paris, but the overthrow for the time of the national life. Another of these novels described a country village and its society; one of them farm life and its characteristics; yet another the life of a great department store, where everything is sold; and one of them the life of the *demi monde*. Zola left no phase of French life untouched, and everywhere his purpose was to render true account of the French people under the empire, what were its institutions of every kind, and what their effect upon the social, moral and intellectual life of the nation. In "Dr. Pascal," the concluding book of the series, Zola summed up his theories as a student of heredity, and showed that his social studies had been justified. After depicting five generations of all classes and conditions, this story concludes with a little child, in whose developing life society may be redeemed and recover its soundness.

There followed from the pen of Zola another series of social investigations: "The Three Cities," "Lourdes," "Rome," "Paris." His object was to describe three phases of the religious life of France. In "Lourdes" he deals with the credulities, the fanaticisms and the superstitions whch gather about religion. Here the faith in the supernatural is supreme, with its resulting ignorance and readiness to believe blindly. In the second book, that devoted to Rome, he studies the church as an institution, its powerful organization and its wide-reaching influence on mankind. In dealing with Paris Zola sets over against the church the enlightenment of modern thought, the advance of science and rationalism, and all that makes for the intellectual progress of humanity.

In the first story a young priest goes to Lourdes and studies it in all the phases of its superstitions and its effects on its devotees. Then he passes on to Rome to inquire into its art, its history, its institutions, and its theological and religious effects on those who follow its lead. He becomes credulous of its control, and goes to Paris that he may come in contact

with modern life, its science and its progressive ideals. The result is that he withdraws from the church and renounces all its beliefs in favor of modern enlightenment.

There followed one other series of novels from the pen of Zola, "The Four Gospels or Evangils": "Fruitfulness," "Work," Truth," and "Justice." The first of these novels was devoted to the fall in the birth-rate in France, and the problems growing out of this fact. In the second Zola pleaded for work, which had been to him the panacea for most social ills. In the third he emphasized the importance of science and the growth of knowledge. The fourth was to have been devoted to social justice, and its importance to every phase of the social and national life. As he was preparing for its writing, he was asphyxiated one night from the effects of a defective flue in his Parsian house.

No account of Emile Zola can be complete without reference to his connection with the Dreyfus case. A young Jewish officer in the French army was accused of selling military secrets to the Germans, and he was sent for life to a remote West Indian island. There was doubt as to his guilt; but the anti-semite feeling was strong in the church and the army, as well as on the part of the general public. Both the army and the church had been corrupted by the empire, and every manner of intrigue, lying and depravity was resorted to in order that the control of the nation by these institutions might be retained and advanced. Nothing was too base on the part of either to be made use of to further its purposes.

When it appeared that nothing could be done to secure a revision of the Dreyfus case, every effort in that direction being resisted by the army, which had the unqualified support of the church, Zola addressed a letter to the President of the Republic, in which he pointed out calmly and judicially that Dreyfus had not been given a fair trial by the military court which condemned him, that the generals and other military men had resorted to falsehood in order to screen the real culprit, and that Dreyfus was undoubtedly innocent. He pointedly named several officers of high rank, he also named the real criminal, and he appealed from the acts of these men to the president and the public. His letter was published widely and raised a storm of condemnation. Suffice it to say that he was brought to trial for these accusations, and was finally compelled to flee to England, where he lived in exile and disguise for a year. At last, as the result of his agitation, and the confession of the real criminal, Dreyfus was brought back from the Devil's Island, which again resulted in his condemnation, and his pardon by the President. After some years it was finally proved that Dreyfus was wholly innocent, and that he was punished as the result of a base conspiracy.

One of the results of this prolonged trial and discussion was the reorganization of the army, which had become viciously autocratic, as seen in the Boulanger conspiracy to overthrow the Republic. Not even yet, we must think, as we watch current events in France, and the dominating autocracy of its generals, has this corruption of the French army lost its influence on the national life. Another effect was that of the separation of church and state, which came a few years after the Dreyfus affair. Such was the intriguing influence of the church, its attempt to control or to dominate the nation, that the voters finally turned against it, and took from it its influence on political and educational life, leaving it to carry on its own affairs independently of the state.

A careful study of this whole affair, and the corrupting influences of both church and army, cannot but justify Zola in his severe condemnation of both as highly injurious to democratic institutions and to the fortunes of the Republic. Evidently we may assume that these evil effects have not as yet wholly ceased to operate; but they have grown less, and in time they may be wholly eliminated. Whatever we may think of Zola as a writer of novels, and however we may estimate his influence on his time, we cannot but accord him a strong word of praise for his spirit of humanity, his love of justice, and his readiness to sacrifice himself in order that an innocent man might be vindicated. In this regard we may place him by the side of Voltaire, who refused to see wrong done to men who were unjustly condemned by church and state, and who raised his voice for justice until it was finally accorded to the victims of base lying and fanaticism.

It may be said of Zola that he was simple in life, kindly in his relations to others, a lover of truth and justice, and daring in his vindication of those who had been wronged. He was not a lover of vice and depravity, and sought, at least in his later novels, to show how the state might be reformed, how the injustices of social and economic life might be eliminated. As a result of his intimate study of social conditions he came to lean towards the socialist movements of his time, as affording a way out of the national evils he saw in operation around him on every hand.

Zola wrote constantly in one or another newspaper of Paris, interpreting and defending his conception of the experimental or naturalistic novel; and these essays were gathered into six or eight volumes. They may be read now with much interest, and as containing a large element of truth. Learning too decidedly to the materialistic phases of life, Zola had grasped a great truth, which he exploited too vigorously, and with too one-sided a conception of its significance.

GEORGE WILLIS COOKE.

Christianity, a wise man has said, is "for use, or it is nothing." It means the deepening life of goodness in the heart; a growing power to resist the seductions of self-interest, worldliness, unbrotherliness; a progressive purification of the motives and the conduct; a victory over appetite and passion; a more courageous reliance upon the virtues of truth in speech, fairness in dealing, charity in judgment, generosity in forgiveness.—*Alexander Gordon.*

TO M ——

Just that you are
Is all I need to know,
Or near or far,
It matters little now;
For since you are
God is!
How could there be
Such messenger
To bring His Word to me,
If He were not?

DOMBEY.

The Sacco-Vanzetti Verdict and Americans-to-Be

The Little Italies of America, from the North End of Boston to the Colony in San Francisco, are profoundly agitated over the trial and verdict in the Sacco-Vanzetti case. The factions and factionettes so characteristic of Italian-American life have suspended hostilities temporarily to co-operate in the defense of their two compatriots and in blaspheming the judicial system of this country. It must have cost the Massachusetts convention of the Sons of Italy, held recently in Fitchburg, something in pride and tradition when it joined unqualifiedly with the ultras on this issue. Expressions of opinion as reported in the Italian press are not always moderate, and the intemperate judgments issue as often as not from the mouths of conservatives.

L'Italia of San Francisco does not often forget its policies. It is constantly admonishing its radical countrymen not to sin against hospitality by starting trouble here. But immediately after the Norfolk County jury in Massachusetts declared Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti guilty of the South Braintree payroll murders, this sheet surprised itself uttering the following, among other no less heated things:

"With the conviction of the two Italians, Sacco and Vanzetti, another infamous judicial error is committed in this country; infamous because deliberate, planned, premeditated, prepared! Two unfortunates have been condemned because they are Italians and radicals. . ."

That some three million immigrants within our frontiers are shouting "Fraud!" and denouncing the courts of their adopted home is no proof that the accused men are innocent. It *is* symptomatic of an unhealthy relationship between native institutions and foreign inhabitants.

And for those of us to whom the Italians in the textile mills, in the mines, on the railroads, the millions of Latins who invest their labor in American industry, are not "just wops" but a vital ingredient in the Melting Pot, the situation is bigger than Sacco and Vanzetti. It touches the fundamentals of national life and will leave a mark for good or ill.

The conduct of the trial in Dedham, Mass., gave cause for a sweeping condemnation of the judicial machinery by practically a whole race in our midst. The electrocution of Sacco and Vanzetti in the face of such overwhelming belief in their innocence and doubt of the fairness of the trial, would rivet in a million Italian minds whatever mistrust, justified or otherwise, they now harbor, and widen the gulf of racial misunderstanding. At the same time the readiness with which hundreds of Americans—many of them without the radical taint—have taken up the cudgels for the two Italians has brought the two people closer together. To the extent to which Americans make the cause their own, insisting on a new and fair trial and the elimination of prejudicial forces from the case, the bond of sympathy will be strengthened.

On what grounds do the Italians in America charge that race prejudice is responsible for the verdict? The sheer circumstance of the prisoners being Italians does not account for the widespread bitterness roused by the verdict. If Sacco and Vanzetti die in the chair they will not be the first of their race to forfeit their lives for an alleged crime. Yet no such protest has been raised for other condemned countrymen.

The fact is that because of the peculiar circumstances surrounding the arrest, the personalities of the accused men, the nature of the trial to which Vanzetti was subjected last year on another charge, a tremendous amount of interest in the case was generated from the first. The radical friends of Sacco and Vanzetti encouraged this interest. When the trial was finally opened on May 31, the eyes of all Italians in the country were focused on the court room. The local American press gave the case first place in its columns during the seven weeks of the trial. The Italian-American press all over the country followed developments rather closely.

The Italians consequently had some basis for judgment when the fate of the men was placed in the hands of the jury. They knew the prosecution's case: the fact that the defendants were armed when arrested, the so-called identifications, the alleged "consciousness of guilt." They also knew the defense case. And they confidently looked for an acquittal. They felt, as the impartial observers who sat through the trial felt, that the evidence was inadequate. Yet the men were convicted. Why? "Race prejudice" was the Italians' diagnosis. "Class prejudice" the socialists among them supplemented.

Before going into their reasons, it is well to summarize the facts of the case. On the evening of May 5, 1920, Sacco and Vanzetti were arrested while on a street car. Like so many of the Italians in the section, they had revolvers with them. They also had the draft of a leaflet announcing a mass meeting to protest against the death of Andrea Salsedo, the Brooklyn printer who jumped or was pushed out of the fourteen-story window of the Department of Justice in New York. At the police station they were questioned about their ideas and assumed they were being held as suspicious radicals. In order to shield their radical friends whom they had just left they lied about their movements that evening.

Later they learned to their consternation that they were being held on a charge of having participated in the robbery and murder of April 15, 1920, in which Barmenter and Berardelli, payroll guards of the Slater and Morrill shoe factory, were the victims. Vanzetti was also charged with a crime at Bridgewater some months before. He was tried on this charge. His alibi was iron-bound. Some twenty creditable witnesses supported it. But the jury convicted him and eventually it got out that they had disregarded those witnesses because they were "wops" who naturally "would stick together."

At the trial the Commonwealth attempted to show that the bullet which killed Berardelli had been fired from the Sacco revolver. William Proctor, State police captain, testified to that effect because of a scratch on the bullet, which he said corresponded to a ridge in the barrel of Sacco's gun. James E. Burns, gun expert of thirty years' standing, on the laboratory staff of the United States Cartridge Company, made tests with the gun in question and said under oath that the bullet positively did not come from the Sacco weapon. The scratch might have been made by any one of ten thousand guns in existence.

The reason why Sacco and Vanzetti had lied about their movements on the night of arrest, the Commonwealth further contended, was because they were "conscious of guilt." The arresting officers swore to an incredible story that the men had attempted to draw guns at the time. Would sane men draw

weapons against well-armed officers in a car where there were passengers, especially when the guns were admittedly tucked away in inaccessible parts of their garments? The officers are boasting. "Guilt" in the matter of radical activities was deliberately misconstrued as guilt in a blood-curdling murder.

Eventually it resolved into a problem of identification, as in the Mooney case. Those nearest the scene of the shooting and in the best positions to observe the bandits either did not know or were positive that the defendants were not among them. Those who claimed to "recognize" the men as having been among the bandits were strangely certain about the one thing they had come into court to be certain about, and knew nothing else. Every one of them was discredited. At least one was so obviously "mistaken" that the prosecution itself asked the jurors to disregard his testimony. More than twenty-five witnesses refuted the identification of the State. Some of these had been in excellent positions to see the bandits. They testified that Sacco and Vanzetti had not been among them. Others showed that State witnesses have lied.

"I came into court strongly biased against the defendants," a Boston newspaperman told me, "but I can't for the world of me see how the jury reached the verdict. The men were proven innocent."

His was the typical reaction of the seven weeks' trial. Even police officers had laid bets on an acquittal. Consternation greeted the jury's finding of guilty in the first degree.

But if the verdict was not a logical deduction from the evidence, it was the proper climax of the desperado atmosphere painstakingly built up in the court room. This is the chief grievance of critics of the trial. The State played to the galleries and spared no melodramatic tricks. Insidiously it proceeded to instruct the jury—not in words but in the more reprehensible because less honest way, in acts—that the two men in the cage, guarded always by armed officers, were vicious characters.

Only those who have some inkling of the disrepute in which Italians are held by the average, yellow-press-minded American, especially in New England, can appreciate the malice of heavily guarding the courthouse, of searching all spectators as they entered the court room. Only those who know how a Black Hand psychology, 99 per cent mythical, has been made to order by Sunday feature-page writers and is attributed promiscuously to all Italians, can understand how Sacco and Vanzetti were found guilty by insinuation.

For months before the trial began the county was honey-combed with rumors that violence on the part of the defendants' friends might be expected. The rumors circulated among those from whose midst the jury was to come. When the court assembled, on May 31, unusual numbers of uniformed and plain-clothes officers surrounded the courthouse, and in the course of the trial "precautions were redoubled," as the papers put it. Why? Presumably against a "rescue." . . . Each morning the jury saw the defendants being led in the middle of the streets (an escape on the sidewalk being easier), manacled, surrounded by a dozen officers, then installed in the cage and again placed under guard.

The jurors, being New Englanders susceptible to terror stories when the villains are Italians, were soon convinced that the defendants were "bad eggs." No doubt they were the least bit tremulous for their common health, seeing how anxiously the judge and the district attorney were making preparations for the siege. In his instructions to the jury Judge Webster Thayer confirmed these tremors by an insinuating exhortation to seek courage, "as did the American soldier boy as he fought and gave up his life on the battlefields of France."

"You Americans assume that an Italian is guilty," a North Ender complained to me bitterly, "no matter what the facts are. What chance do we stand in your courts? Your law, you say, presumes a man to be innocent until he is proven guilty. But when you get a whole army to guard this innocent man don't you presume him guilty?"

The gist of the objection is that Americans would not have been condemned on evidence of such a flimsy character. Before the trial had gone very far the jury had made up its mind pretty definitely, there is reason to believe, that the men whom they were judging were dangerous fellows, that it would be a crime to leave them around loose in their community. With such a feeling as touchstone of testimony, what chance have the defendants?

In addition to being Italians the two men were known to be "reds." Every one of the jurors knew that before he stepped into the box. The press had played up the radicalism of the accused men for almost a year. In order to explain the anxiety of Sacco and Vanzetti to hide their movements on the night of arrest, when they were out with their radical friends, it was necessary to show that the men were "reds." Otherwise their behavior would have been inexplicable. The prosecution knew this and left the job of introducing the evidence to the defense attorneys.

The further developments in the Sacco-Vanzetti case will be watched closely by Americans as well as Italians. Judge Webster Thayer must rule on a motion for a new trial. Will he grant it? If he does not, a bill of exceptions will be presented to the higher courts on November 1 and passed upon in the months following. Will a verdict so patently unwarranted by the evidence be permitted to stand? Upon the answers to these questions depends more than the lives of two men. Basic principles of law and justice are involved: the presumption of innocence until guilt is proved, the question of reasonable doubt. The future relations between Americans and the Latin Americans-to-be are in a real measure involved.

It would be a social crime, in which those in a position to be useful who have failed to help are implicated, if Sacco and Vanzetti were permitted to go to the chair without a fight because of financial stringency. Justice is an expensive commodity. The investigation of witnesses and data is as expensive for innocent men as for guilty. Legal steps mean big expenditures. Money must be raised. Donations should be sent to the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee, 32 Battery Street, Boston, Mass.

EUGENE LYONS.

The superstition that unmilitarized nations suffer from fatty degeneration of the heart has perished in the forty-fourth year of its age, at the siege of Liege, blown away by the heroism of a little unmilitary nation!—*Galsworthy.*

A Book a Week

Mary Badollet Powell Memorial

A CHALLENGE. By Maitland Hardyman, Lt.-Col., D. S. O., M. C. London: George Allen and Unwin, Ltd.

Maitland Hardyman was born September 28, 1894, at Bath, England, and was killed in action, August 24, 1918, at Biefvillers, France. The two facts, cold and bare in themselves, suggest a long train of thought. From September, 1894, to August, 1918, is twenty-three years and eleven months; so young, a mere boy. War is like that; the best, always, called out and slain. Sickening, monstrous, abominable; there is no word terrible enough to describe it.

Hardyman was at Fettes College, Edinburgh, from 1908 to 1911, and at Edinburgh University from 1911 to 1914. That is his school record, the second chapter of his short history.

He enlisted August 20, 1914, when the war was only two weeks under way. He served four years,—what years! He was a good soldier, as he had been a good scholar. His friend, Norman Hugh Romanes, says:

During the summer of 1916, still in England as junior second-lieutenant, he was practically administrator of 60,000 troops. Theoretically, he was "attached" to the headquarters of a vast training centre; really it was through him that every detail of importance passed. He was trusted by superior officers and left alone.

But all the time he was in the British army he was an active crusader in that other army—the army of peace—"in correspondence with those at home whom it was most dangerous for him, from a military point of view, even to agree with, which he did openly, with no sort of regard for consequences." He was an associate of Bertrand Russell, E. D. Morel and Arthur Ponsonby, and a personal friend of Ramsay Macdonald. In 1917 he was elected to the Council of the Union of Democratic Control, which was in England what the People's Council was in America. It is an illuminating fact that despite his known pacifism, he was commissioned a lieutenant-colonel in May, 1918. In the United States, in similar circumstances, he would have been "commissioned" to Leavenworth Prison for life. Yes, they have a sort of freedom, a civil liberty, in England that is now almost unknown in this republic of ours.

A soldier and a pacifist, Hardyman was also

a firm believer in the essential truth of Christianity as the revelation of Love to the world, of its eternal rejection and final victory in permeating and absorbing all things in human life of any worth by sacrifice and suffering. On the other hand, he regarded, not with hatred or contempt, but with infinite pity, the mad, conflicting passions of the orthodox churches and established creeds, mutually destroying, with no determined end in view, powerless to hurt in reality any but themselves.

It seems remarkable and highly inconsistent that he should have been in the army. He might rather have been in that noble company of Christian pacifists who were conscientious objectors to military service. But closer examination of his philosophy shows that he became a soldier because, in his doctrine, it would have been "tantamount to a refusal of the Cross" to have done otherwise. Love for mankind and belief in salvation through suffering were the motives that controlled him. Christ had suffered, Hardyman would follow where He led. It seems to me that he was mistaken in these views; the conscientious objectors did not refuse the Cross—ah, no! But he made his choice deliberately, and doubtless there were thousands of lads who did likewise. Indeed, I think that hate of Germany and love of England had very little to do with the raising of armies. Men went because they had to go, because the machinery of the State dragged them in. Or, as Thomas Hardy says in "The Man He Killed":

He thought he'd 'list, perhaps,
Off-hand like—just as I—
Was out of work—had sold his traps—
No other reason why.

Personally, Hardyman

always professed strongly that his actions were absolutely consistent with his beliefs. He was consistent in everything. He could not abide deception. I have never seen or heard of a man to whom not merely a lie, even a harmless one, but any kind of misrepresentation, was so abhorrent.

Those who knew him loved him ardently. "All ranks paid him nothing less than homage."

He died so young. It follows that he missed something that longer years would have given him—greater opportunity to serve, greater battles to fight. He was, I suppose, a divine fanatic, loving God with such consuming passion that nothing could keep him on this earth, not even the need of his brothers.

He "was not primarily a poet"; no. But in the sacred book that will one day be made of the songs of the men who died in the struggle he will be represented. He knew but little of how to use the poet's art; but he had the eye, the hand, the nervous sensitiveness, the soul of a poet. Technically he may have been poorly prepared, but time would have taught him. Anyhow, it is rarely that poems live because of technical excellence; it is what is sung that saves the song from generation to generation.

The following poem, "The Master in His Garden," impresses me as being memorable:

The Master in His garden
Worked on with patient hand,
But the flowers that grew in the garden,
They could not understand.

He cut back the healthy laurel,
He spared not the fruitful vine,
Yet on sickly and discontented herbs
He poured forth sparkling wine. . .

Ever the goodliest offshoots
Fell to the Master's knife,
And the bleeding plants could not believe
When He spoke of a broader life.

The shameful earth-loving branches
With blossom soiled and broken,
The Master raised and gently propped,
With a sad word left unspoken.

The rose that with infinite yearning
Had clambered up the wall
To shake out its robes in the glorious light
Was found to have grown too tall. . .

The Master in His garden
Works on with patient hand,
But the flowers that grow in the garden,
They cannot understand.

Another of Hardyman's productions, "Lord, Teach Us How to Live," is not easily forgotten:

Lord, teach us how to live . . .
These days are weary wise;
Our paths are choked with rubbish,
Our lanthorn clogged with flies.

Lord, teach us how to live . . .
The lanthorn's flicker dies;
Man builds himself a golden cage
And then puts out his eyes.

THE FIELD.

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

WHAT THE LEAGUE IS DOING.

[UNITY is no friend of the League of Nations. Our case against it has been stated so often that it need not be repeated in this place. *But* we are always more interested in facts than in arguments of any kind. We therefore publish the following statement received on September 1st from the Secretariat of the League of Nations in Geneva. —EDITORS.]

SECRETARIAT OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS
LEGAL SECTION
Geneva, August 15th, 1921.

Dear Mr. Holmes,

I think you will be especially interested in following the work of the League of Nations during the next two months, for it promises to be more interesting, at least from my point of view, than during any other period since the League was established on January 10th, 1920. Perhaps a list of the activities which are now on the calendar of the League would be useful to you and might assist you in keeping in touch with what the League is doing, through the newspapers and through the Monthly Summary published by our Information Section. If you do not receive this Monthly Summary regularly, I would suggest that you drop a postcard to the League of Nations, or to me personally, and your name will be placed on the mailing list.

I shall attempt a brief description of the current activities of the League by listing the conferences and meetings which are now on the League calendar:

1. On August 22nd the Conference on Russian Refugees will assemble at Geneva, in response to the call of the Council of the League of Nations. This is a conference of government delegates, called for the purpose of discussing measures which may be taken for relieving the Russian refugees who are now scattered throughout the world. Many of these refugees are not only penniless, but have found themselves in a plight where they are forbidden to engage in business, forbidden to travel, and forbidden to engage in many normal activities. The conference will not deal with the problem of relieving the famine in Russia, but will restrict itself to discussing measures for aiding the Russian refugees outside Russia.

2. On August 22nd also the International Blockade Commission of the League of Nations will hold its first session at Geneva. This Commission was set up by the Council of the League, under a resolution of the First Assembly of the League. It will consider the measures which might be taken in an exigency to enforce an economic blockade against a member of the League of Nations which goes to war without complying with its obligations in the Covenant. Of course, such measures will rest entirely upon the consent of the governments which are to execute them, for in this—as in all other matters—the League does not coerce its members, but merely attempts to express and effectuate their consent.

3. On August 25th the negotiations between the Poles and Lithuanians will be resumed at Geneva, under the presidency of M. Hymans of Belgium, acting as the representative of the Council of the League of Nations. This dispute was referred to the League about a year ago when both countries were on the point of going to war. Many meetings have been held and it proves a very difficult situation. The important thing is, however, that hostilities have been avoided to date, as the result of the appeal to the League.

4. On August 31st the Provisional Economic and Financial Committee will hold a meeting in Geneva. Among other matters, the Financial Committee will discuss the question of the financial restoration of Austria and the financial position of the Free City of Danzig, and questions arising out of the Brussels Financial Conference of October, 1920.

The Economic Committee will consider the information collated from the replies to its questionnaire, forwarded to the various countries, as to supplies of foodstuffs and raw materials, and will present a report thereupon to the Council of the League.

The two bodies will also discuss the question of the advisability of convening in the near future a second general economic and financial conference.

5. On September 1st the Armaments Commission, set up by the Council of the League, will hold a second meeting. This Commission held a meeting in Paris during the month of July. This Commission is conducting the preliminary studies and investigations which must precede any sound attempt at reducing armaments over a long period of time. It is also studying the question of private manufacture of armaments which is dealt with in the Covenant, and the question of trade in armaments, which is dealt with in the recent International Convention on that subject. Its work fits in very closely with that of President Harding's Conference which is expected to meet in Washington on November 11th.

6. On September 1st the Commission on Amendments to the Covenant will hold its third session at Geneva. This Commission is to report to the Assembly on the various amendments which have been submitted to the Covenant. It has prepared a study of Article 10 by which it interprets the Article as not involving any obligation to use armed force. It has also given a special interpretation to Article 18 of the Covenant concerning the Registration of Treaties. It will approve the Czecho-Slovak amendment authorizing the calling by the League of regional conferences to deal with regional problems and making clear the reference in the Covenant to the Monroe Doctrine. A number of other small amendments to the Covenant will be considered.

7. On September 1st also the Council of the League of Nations will hold its fourteenth meeting. The Council has a number of questions on its Agenda, the most important being the Silesian question, which has been referred to the Council by the Prime Ministers of France, Great Britain, Italy, Belgium and the ambassadors of the United States and Japan, who met as the Supreme Council of the Allies in Paris. The problem is a very difficult one which was not solved by the Supreme Council and with which the Council of the League will undoubtedly have difficulty. Usually the League of Nations gets the difficult problems which cannot be solved by other agencies.

The Council will also consider the various measures which will be taken in preparation of the Second Assembly of the League.

It will have before it a draft of an International Convention on prohibiting traffic in women and children, prepared as a consequence of the resolutions of the White Slave Conference which was held by the League of Nations during June, 1921.

8. On September 5th the Second Assembly of the League of Nations will convene at Geneva. Representatives of the forty-eight members of the League will come together to consider the Agenda, which is very varied and which contains altogether twenty-five items. In my opinion, the most important item on the Agenda will be the election of judges to the Permanent Court of International Justice. The establishment of this Court is now practically assured. The ratifications of twenty-five states are necessary. Seventeen States have already deposited their ratifications, including all the Great Powers of Europe, and six or seven others have taken preliminary action which promises to result in the deposit of ratifications before September 5th. There is no doubt any longer in the minds of the people here that the Court will be established by the Assembly. It is possible that an American will be elected as Judge. Mr. Root has been nominated by Brazil, Bolivia and Venezuela, and Dean Roscoe Pound has been nominated by Siam.

The Assembly will also consider the election of new members. Both Hungary and Esthonia are applying for membership.

(*Continued on next page.*)

Lord, teach us how to live . . .
Thou taught'st the sun to rise . . .
And Thou to leaf the bursting tree . . .
And Thou the bird the skies. . . .

I know quite well that these verses fall far short of great poetry, and I quote them only for what they are. The terrible thing about Hardyman's tragedy is that his soul was struck down before it was mature, the bud was not allowed to blossom. I believe he would have done great work had he lived. He had a capacity for feeling that is a precious thing in any heart. He walked out of grammar school into battle, out of battle into—what?

All that is left of the promise of his life is the memory of that promise, and this little book.

"O masters, lords and rulers in all lands," how will you answer this boy's mute complaint when you stand at the bar of God? JAMES WALDO FAWCETT.

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(*Continued from preceding page.*)

9. During the month of September we expect the Conference to be held for drawing up the treaty neutralizing the Aaland Islands. This treaty will mark the completion of the settlement of the dispute between Finland and Sweden with refernce to the Aaland Islands, which was referred to the League of Nations in the summer of 1920. All of the Baltic States will be represented at the Conference.

10. On October 25th the Third International Labor Conference will assemble at Geneva. The International Labor Organization now has forty-nine members, including Germany. Each member sends two government delegates, one employers' delegate and one workers' delegate. The previous Conferences were held at Washington in 1919, and at Genoa in 1920. The six Labor Conventions, adopted at Washington in 1919, have now come into effect, ratifications of some or all of them having been received from Great Britain, Greece, Roumania, India and Czecho-Slovakia.

This does not by any means exhaust the list of the current activities of the League. Of course, the work of the Permanent Secretariat goes on through fifty-two weeks of the year and it is very varied and very extensive. Numerous commissions are always in existence under the League's auspices. To me the interesting thing about all this work is, however, that it merely represents the functioning of the League as a machine for the expression and effectuation of consent; throughout, no compulsion is exercised on any State. The League formulated measures, acting usually with unanimous agreement, but its measures do not bind any State against its will.

I think that, if you will follow the work of all the Conferences that I have listed during the next two months, you will agree with me that they afford an interesting commentary on the stage which we have at last reached in the evolution of international co-operation.

Faithfully yours,

MANLEY O. HUDSON.

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